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San Francisco Snapshots, 18 May 2014

Where's Nana's Sunnies?

My nana can't find her expensive prescription sunglasses. They are not in her pockets. Not in her pocketbook. Or purse. Not on the nightstands. Kitchen table. Or by the TV or foot stool, desk or fireplace mantle, chairs and sofa, or window table and coffee table in the living room bathed by glorious morning sunlight painting the room through the outside seaside trees. Or the dog stand with Champion's leash and ready caca-bag by the front door. Nope, not by the kitchen sink or backyard garden table and chairs. Or stairs. Or upright piano and extra chairs. Not in the washroom shed. Breadbasket, stove or countertops. Or bed or closet shelves.

Did they grow feet and walk away? Wings and fly away? Take the corner MUNI bus or passing permitted taxi? Or use an app to call a pink-mustached cab to the playground to watch the players?

Sunday Soccer May-Morn

Watching seven- to eight- year old boys play a soccer-league game in the Mission Playground. Windy, mid-May overcast skies. Green Astroturf field. Standing room only. Marked off with a short black-iron fence. Perhaps 100 friends and relatives stare down the field behind the fence.

In the adjacent bayside, rubberized matted, open play area, several fixed black-iron seats embedded in the concrete slab along with swing sets and climbing and rotating play things. Of the 35, only one, count them, one, is fixed facing the field with the rising sun behind me at 8:30 a.m. this Sunday.

These red and blue outfitted players are young but good. Energetic. Athletic. Practiced. Skilled. They might do better if they heeded their coaches. Half time at 2:0, Real San Francisco: Evolution. The blue team's head coach singles out one RSF boy to shout instructions. Yikes, it's my grandson. Only.

Final score: 2:2, RSF:Evolution

